TO

Mme Isidore G. Clarke.

UNFORGOTTEN.

Ballad

FOR

SOPRANO OR TENOR.

BY

MISS SELMA KRAUSSE.

PRICE 50 ℄

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UNFORGOTTEN.

BALLAD.

Composed by Miss SELMA KRAUSSE.

Voice.

Piano.

Moderato. ♩ = 88

f

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

You stepped a-while out-side with me, The night was ma - gi-cal with stars, And

p

thro' the curtains fit - fully, Came the last waltzes, dying bars, You

8

, *Breathing places.*

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pa-ler than your dainty lace, Or that ca-me - - lia in your hair; You

stepped awhile out-side with me, The night was mag-i-cal with stars, And

thro' the curtains fit-ful-ly, There came, there came the last waltzes, dy-ing bars; There

accel e cresc.

accel e cresc.

a tempo.

seem'd a spell up-on the place, And nothing but the night was there,..... A

f *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

a tempo.

spell there seemed upon the place, And nothing, no - thing but the night, the

night..... was..... there.

Con dolore.

I knelt up on the garden ground, Ca - price or pi - ty made you

stay, But still my heart ran o'er and drowned The foolish words I tried to say, One

moment, one I held your hand, Ah! fair cold hand, and made me moan, And

dolce.

then I grew to un-der-stand, And then I grew to un-der-stand, How men seek

dolce.

bread..... and find a stone," But still that waltz is in my head.

accel.

accel.

rit.

WALTZ Tempo.

Now high, now low, its ebb and flow, Now high, now low,

p

rit. p a tempo.

its ebb and flow, And still the stars are ov-er-head, And still I see your scentless rose, The

rit Ped. * p a tempo.

mf

record lies with - in my soul Like lines upon the granite traced, The record lies within my

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cresc. f

soul, Like lines upon the granite traced, Tho' no man's eye behold the scroll, It

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

keeps its legends un-de-faced.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *